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EGYPT

·LAURA·G·COLLINS·

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J. AUGUSTUS KNAPP.

EGYPT

BY
LAURA G. COLLINS

AUTHOR OF

"By-gone Tourist Days, Letters of Travel";
"Immortelles and Asphodels, Poems"; etc



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THE ROBERT CLARKE COMPANY

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Jan. 5. 1900.

“To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die.”

Holding this esthetic booklet of Egyptian workmanship as the best expression of myself and a gem of what the sympathetic artist can do for a modest text, I dedicate it to the memory of the one supremely loved and honored of a long lifetime, my husband, John A. Collins.

Coming from whence I know not; going whither I know not; yet I know the obligation of being is to try to make life worth the living.

My little book, wherever you go, may you bear pleasure and win a welcome!

L. G. C.

☩
EGYPT

This morning glancing through a book
In pause of church bell's chime,
The magic of a pictured page
Brought back a distant clime!
A clime of trance and dreams and scene
Of memories divine;
Of lotos' bloom, of desert's sheen,
Ruin of sacred shrine
In Egypt's burning glowing gold
Of tropical sunshine.





The stately palm trees swaying plumes,
The banyan's columned shade,



The shore washed
by the river where

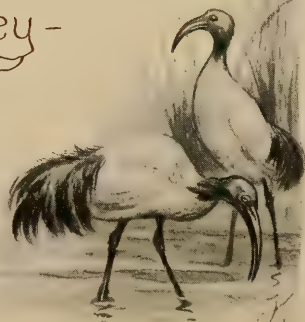
The flocks of Ibis wade,
Or stand where land and water meet.

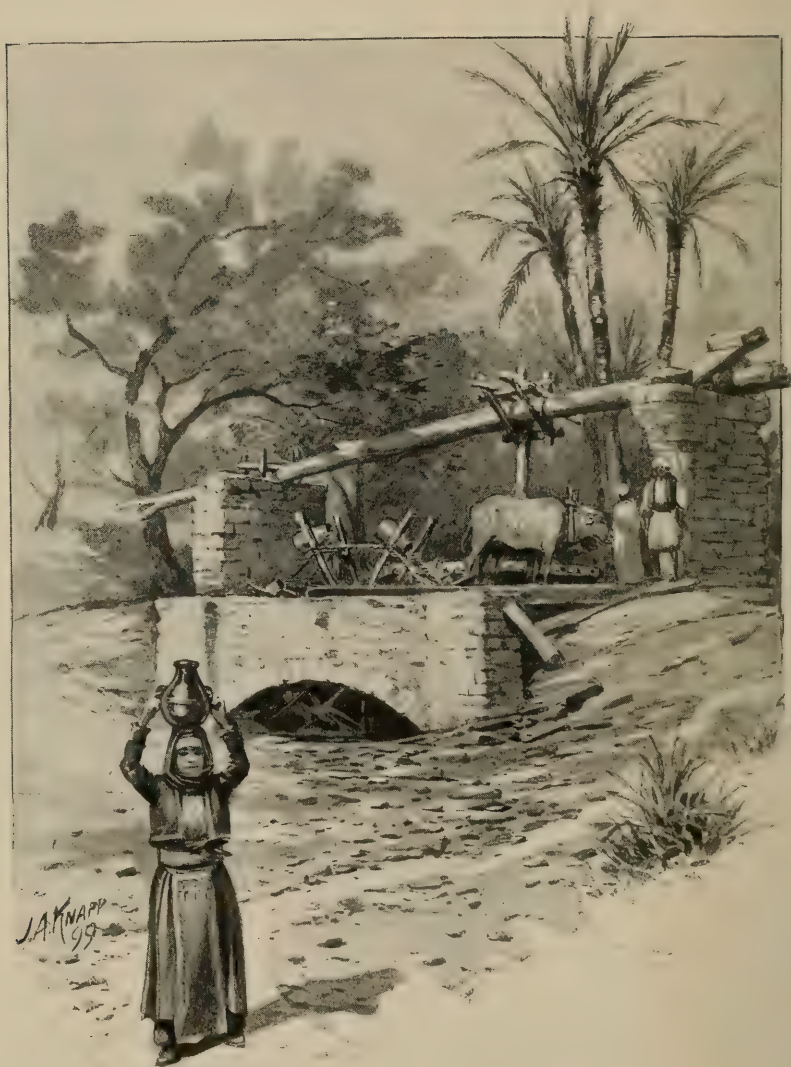
Nor sign of life betray,
While laps the morns, the noons, the eves

To twilight's gold or grey -

Then with one impulse
rise and cleave

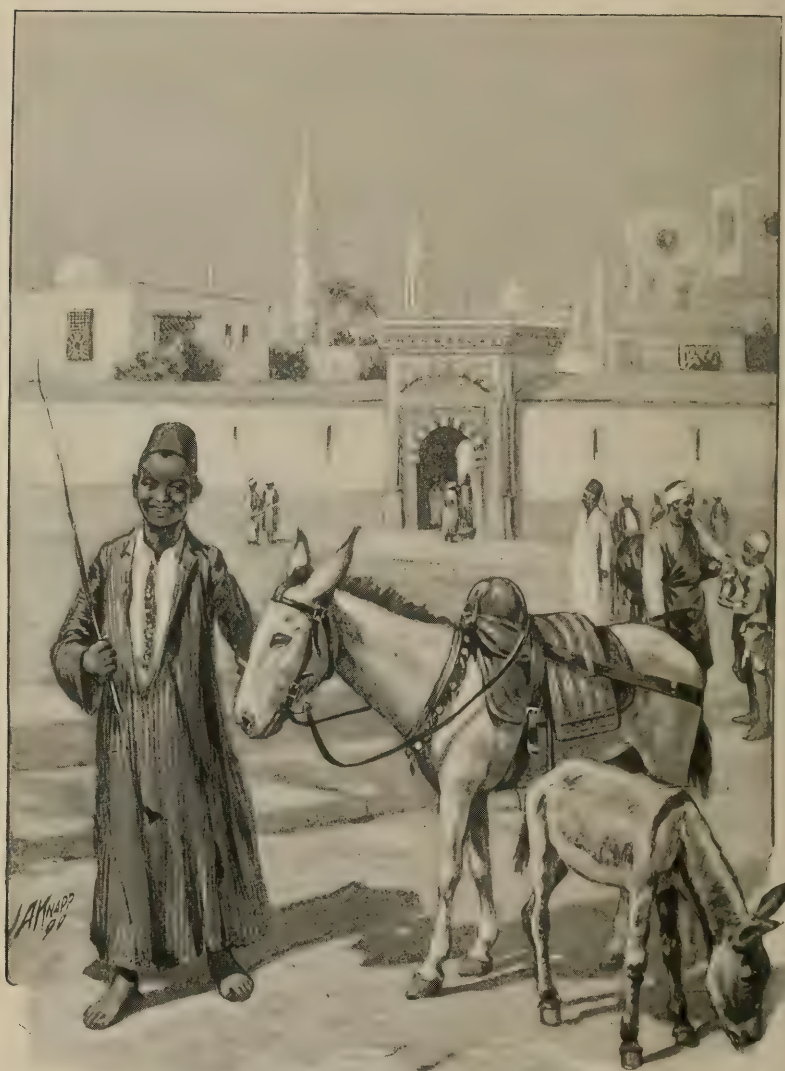
The air and fly away







Mud villages sun-dried and brown,
With dove-cotes on the roof;
Chimneys like obelisks, as tall;
And many a quaint shadow;
The wierd shakiyeh's dismal drone,
That strikes the startled ear
With sighs and groans, and comes and goes.
And echoes far and near;
While childlike, gentle fellows watch
And work, nor heed nor fear.





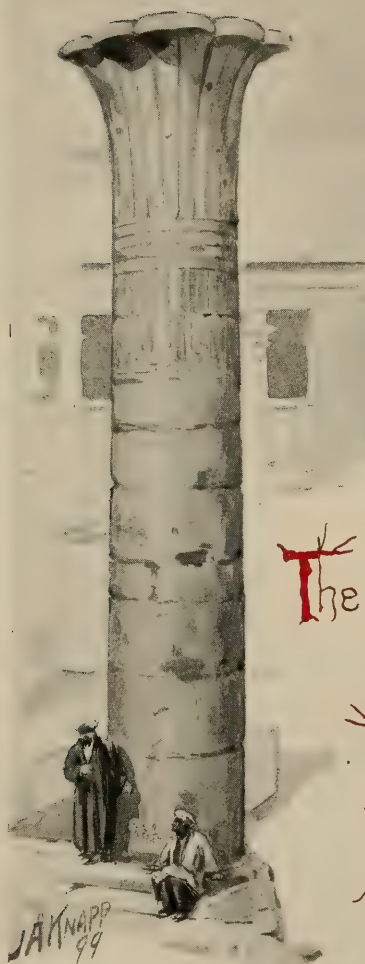
Along the banks phantoms of men
And camels flit and fade. -
A fez-capped **A**rab, turbaned **T**urk,
Learned **C**opt, a blue-gowned maid; -
A donkey and a donkey-boy
With gleaming teeth and smile,
Alert to catch one's leave to run
Beside it mile on mile,
And scorning plaint of tire the way
With prank and play beguile.



"As they unroll their storied fronts
In tomb and temple wrought"

The mountains rising near at hand,
Those melting far away
In depths of distance, blue of sky,
Or crystal of noonday -
Alike the gazer wrap in bliss
And goad the searching thought,
As they unroll their storied fronts
In tomb and temple wrought,
When Egypt Great through ages thus
Perennial memory sought.



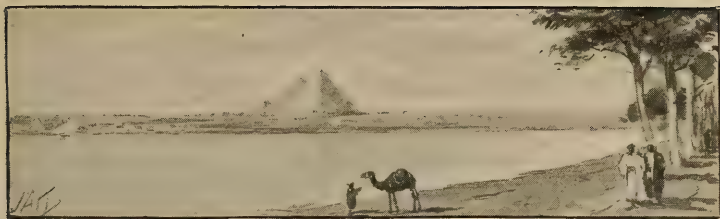


Eons before
the **P**arthenon
The morning sunlight lit,
Yon **D**oric column;
and this one—
The lotus **C**ounterfeit—



The rarest, fairest, just a flower
In stone uplifted there,
With all its loveliness revealed,
Its grace beyond compare,
Has stood through cycles numberless
In this enchanted air.





The Pyramids! - a catch of breath,
A whirl of brain and sight,
A backward plunge towards Time's source
In realms of endless night; -
The Sphinx! the calm, impassive Sphinx! -
As in the dateless yore
Aloof from mortal sympathy,
Defies as heretofore
All human questioning and search,
And will forevermore.



Oh! magic of a pictured page;
Oh wonder clime thus shown, —

Not home, not friends, not native land,
Not strongest ties still known,
Can counteract thy witchery.

A trance, a drift, a dream -
The soul escaped is floating down

Old Nile's historic stream;
Entranced, afar is taking in

Bridge, palace, fane, hareem



Oh! hoary clime, ancient of days,
Egypt, Time's eldest child!
How many rulers, each in turn,
Thy glory have defiled!



The Fount of Learning centuries ere
Its light elsewhere was shed,
To school, priest, temple, the wise men
Of other lands were led.
That time recalling how submit
To see thy glory fled?





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